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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

What They Want.

BY BUNO.

The women, precious little souls!
How can we help to love 'em?
But how it makes their 'dander' rise!
To see us men above 'em!

They can't content themselves to live,
Amidst the pots and kettles,
And waste their 'chemie, freaky brains,
To keep us stuffed with vitals.

They ache to take the scythe and plow,
And leave us with the dishes—
They'd really like to get out doors,
And then they'd wear the b-b—(what d'y'e call 'em?)

My! what a figure they would cut
'A'clearin' up' and 'loggin',
'A' raisin' barns' and 'carryin' brick'
And mortar in the bargain.

How strong their tender limbs would be!
How sinewy and cordy!
What rough and scaly hands they'd have!
How tough they'd grow and hardy!

And how they'd love to take their axe,
And march into the forest,
Some gloomy, cold December day,
When the thermometer stands about five

degrees below zero, and keeps their blood in circulation by chopping all day long in the snow about knee-deep, and then to come home at night and find supper—where it was in the morning—and their better-half off visiting among the neighbors. What a luxury!

A California correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, says: "Nevado is truly a California village, built in and on a gold mine. Every bushel of earth, within a mile, contains gold. The sweepings of the street yield eight or ten dollars per day to those that wash them."

I. O. OF O. E.—Wm. Curtis, Grand Secretary, has issued the following annual report of the Lodges in this State for the year ending June 30th, 1853: The initiations numbered 4,052; rejections, 423; admitted on card, 415; withdrawn by card, 740; re-initiations, 270; suspensions, 2,366; expulsions, 70; deaths, 309; Passed Grands, 4,794; number of members in this State, 44,122; total receipts, \$173,254 81; number of members relieved, 5,04; to the amount of \$72,107 72; widowed families relieved 796, to the amount of \$3,886 66; members buried, 282; expenses for burying the dead, \$14,052, 62; paid for education of orphans, \$338 78; total expenditures, \$91,380 81. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania is composed of 4,794 members, and has under its jurisdiction 478 Lodges.

A Singular Case.

A Miss Read, of West Boylston, took chloroform a few days ago for the purpose of having a tooth extracted, she was attacked with a severe pain in the head. Her friends supposing her dead, laid her out for burial, and began to prepare for the funeral ceremonies; but their grief was unexpectedly turned to joy and astonishment, on finding that the supposed dead began to revive! She eventually recovered the full possession of her faculties; but what is still most singular in her case, as we are told, she suffers violent pains in the head as regularly as evening approaches, and at length, and about the same hour each night, falls into a swoon very similar to that which in the first instance was supposed to have been the sleep of death. This case certainly presents a most remarkable escape from premature burial.—Worcester Transcript.

During a trial in a Massachusetts Court a young lad who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew what was the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he would go where all the lawyers went."

An industrious tradesman, having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to the table. "Thank you," said the boy, turning over for a new nap, "thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

Speaking of the revolution in China, a co-temporary says, "the great tea kettle is boiling."

What the French Wear, AND HOW THEY WEAR IT.

The French regard the American people in much the same light as they do the "outside barbarians" of the far-off islands of the sea; for they assert that they find an equally good market with each for the sale of rich and gaudy articles of manufacture. Thus a large proportion of the silk looms of Lyons are constantly employed in the manufacture of gaudy tissues for the North American market; while the finest and most costly styles of the cloths and cassimeres of Elbauf and Sedan find no where so ready a customer as the United States. The Paris merchant sometimes complains when asked for a fine piece of goods, in which his stock is deficient, that all those styles are carried off at higher prices than he can afford to give, by the American importing agents. When an American, on entering a tailoring establishment in Paris, announces, in reply to the polite interrogatory which is sometimes put to him, the name of his country, he is very apt to be saluted with a broader smile and a greater convexity of the spine than the citizens of other countries, followed by the remark, "Then you want to see the best goods we've got." The moral conveyed by these facts should not be forgotten.—The fact is, we are a nation of envious, money-making spendthrifts, and in the absence of titles, and those class distinctions universally recognised in Europe, endeavour, by gaudy display, to place ourselves in advance of each other in the world's appreciation. Our country offers the curious anomaly of possessing more aristocrats, and at the same time more republicans, than any nation in existence. It is the aristocracy of broad-cloth, brown free-stone fronts and fast horses.

From the fact that America drives its fashions from Paris, one naturally arrives here with the idea that he will see at once in the streets of the city the best dressed people in the world. He is quite astonished to find how far he has been deceived. He sees much, very much less of fine goods in the street, particularly on the men, and he sees a much greater variety of style, both in London and in Paris, than in the large American cities. The latest style is confined to a very few persons comparatively—few in comparison to the population, and few in comparison to the number of persons who conform to the changes of fashion in the large cities of America. Outside of that limited number one could not decide what was the reigning style, they are so diversified. One cause of this diversity is, that no people pay so much attention to contrasts of person as the French; while another very powerful one is, that money is less equally distributed than with us, and fewer persons can afford to conform to the frequent changes of fashion. But frequent changes must take place in France; it is a national characteristic, which is ground so deep into a Frenchman's existence, that its influence runs through every action of his life, to be arrested only at his religion, and even to that he holds not too tenaciously. So that, in some measure to compensate for the frequent change which is required, the French have acquired the habit of wearing a coarser quality of cloth than that which their manufacturers send to our country. The Emperor of France wears every day coarser cloth than nine-tenths of the "down-town" clerks of the American cities.

In Paris, however, every one but the workman engaged at his work, looks neat. I am inclined to believe that it is this general neat appearance which has induced other nations to borrow their fashions from Paris. Certainly, for elegance and appropriateness, the French styles do not equal the English or American modifications. It is easy to recognise a New York or London man in the streets of Paris by his back. The Parisians ask nothing more than to see a man's back to know whether he is English or American, provided he be a fresh arrival, and carries with him the clothes which he bro't from home.

Another reason why we endeavour to follow the French style, is that the French people carry their clothes with such infinite grace, giving to the most unnatural and out-of-taste styles an easy elegance that our more awkward people cannot approach in any style which they may choose to adopt. It is rare to see a French fop, that is, what we understand by a fop. There are plenty of men who pay as much attention to their clothes as with us, but their manner, when carrying them, don't advertise their thoughts. It is amusing to look at our very young men when they get on their first Paris outfit: a thing which soon takes place, unfortunately for them, for the longer a man stays here, the more simply he dresses. I do think the most ludicrous sight a man can see in Paris, is a freshly arrived boy-aristocrat trying to be graceful in one of Dumas's best outfits—for our genuine "blood" won't go to a shop that is not patronised by the Emperor.—If American fathers would give their sons whom they send here, one or two good suits, and then limit the amount of supplies at "my bankers," until through the medium of their eyes they had learned a little good sense, they would confer a favour on the boy and their purse at the same time. Although I have been here a year, and have grown perfectly accustomed to be dressed, a well-made American

suit, (American made clothes are always modified from the French,) whenever I encounter it, still strikes me as the most beautiful, the most reasonable, and the most tasteful; and there is no reason why the American people, who lead in so many things, and are destined to lead in so many more, should not invent a dress of their own, which, by their great traveling propensities, would soon become universal. It is time that the American people ceased to run crazy after European fashions. It is well to remember, too, that few French coats are made well; it is all a rage for a brief season for a style and not for fit. At the present moment, if the skirts of a coat scarcely cover the hips, and the sleeves have a clean foot of opening for the hand, it is sufficient; no matter what the cut may be otherwise. It is a great absurdity for a sensible people to endeavour to follow such fashions as these, with the sincerity and gravity which our people do.

The women of Paris dress with much more taste, generally, than the men.—They study contrasts more, and understand that part of the dressing better perhaps than any other people. They seem to be slaves only to the style of bonnet—an article in which the French certainly excel. Their bonnets are always tasty and piquant. The French women do not put so much money on their backs as either English or American women, but they arrange it to better advantage.—They are rather too fond of velvet trimmings and jewelry; but otherwise they dress admirably, and much more reasonably than the men. Two styles, however, now worn by the *bon ton* in Paris, I think will find little favour in America. They are the manteau, called *Talmas*, and a kind of silk for dresses with changeable, fanciful-shaped stripes running around the skirts in place of flounces, generally of a light brick-dust colour on black silk. The bonnets are round, very small, and reach forward only to the middle of the head—somewhere in the region of veneration.—Like the men, the women carry themselves so gracefully that they seem not conscious of it when extravagantly dressed.

A habit prevails in France in regard to the dress of young unmarried ladies in the wealthier classes, so entirely different from our own system that it is worthy of mention. All young ladies, till the day of their marriage, must dress plainly and cheaply; they must not, even in company, wear jewelry, flounces or ribbons to any extent. The mother may carry into company ten times the value that her daughter can. And it is astonishing how the old women of France do dress. One might very well take their modestly-dressed daughters at their side for a family instructress or a favorite servant. Not only must the daughters dress plainly and modestly, but they must never move out of sight of their mothers or chaperones, nor speak to a gentleman without permission, until they are married; then custom allows them to make up for lost time, and so far as I have been able to observe, they do make it up with a vengeance. The study of the fashions is very apt to become at once a mania with them, and unless they are gratified to the extent of their desires, the husband very often becomes a sufferer in more ways than one. A Frenchman, however, cannot resist the fascinations of a French woman, and he generally yields to all her wishes, if he even sacrifices his happiness in other particulars. A more independent, exacting, diplomatic, showy race of married women cannot be found. The young women are units in society.

The Emperor and Empress, whenever they appear in public, unless it be on state occasions, are always dressed plain *a la bourgeois*; and the people like it. An extravagantly dressed man at the Emperor's ball is sure to be ridiculed. One is surprised, just now, to meet so many plain-looking persons in coronetted carriages in the streets of Paris. It is to be hoped that the example of the Emperor, whom all acknowledge to be the perfection of a gentleman in his dress, will exert a good influence in curbing the unlimited extravagances of Parisian artists in cloth. The custom of modifying after the London style, has been growing considerably lately; and it is not at all uncommon to see a fashionable Frenchman carrying a long-waisted paletot.

Great Pegging Match at North-Danvers.

On Thursday, August 4th, at Danvers, Mass. Alexander Steele, and John J. Bunker, on a wager of \$25, pegged one hundred and sixty pairs of woman's spring-heeled shoes—working ten hours. Steele pegging 82 pairs, and Bunker 78 pairs; Steele's being at the rate of 84.5 pairs per hour, driving upwards of 35 pegs per minute, and Bunker 74.5 pairs per hour, or more than 34 pegs per minute—together driving 141,920 pegs in ten hours. The last part of the work was performed while the blood was oozing from their finger ends, notwithstanding which, Bunker performed the usual amount of labor on the following day.

There is an old lady in Virginia, who believes it to be a bible-doctrine that, "for seven years before the end of the world no children are to be born; and that gives her comfort, for at every fresh birth she hears of, she says to herself, well the seven years at least have not yet begun."

An Extraordinary Man.

David Wilson, an old revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey, died, after a short illness, in Dearborn County, Indiana, in August, 1833, aged one hundred and seven years, two months and ten days. He had at different periods of his life, five wives, and, at the time of his death, was the father of forty-seven children! While residing in Pennsylvania, near the old Redstone Fort, his wife gave birth to five children in eleven months! This extraordinary man, when in his one hundred and fourth year, mowed one week for Esq. Pendleton, of Hamilton County, Ohio, about two miles from Cincinnati, during which he mowed one acre per day of heavy timothy grass.—He was about five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by ribs as the frames of ordinary men are, but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place. He could hold up his hands in a vertical position, and receive a blow from the fist of a powerful man, on the lateral portion of his body, without inconvenience. He served throughout the entire Revolution, under General Washington, was engaged in most of the Indian wars since, and was the companion of Marion and Rodgers, and of many other distinguished early pioneers of our Western and Southern wilds. Our readers may rest assured that this statement is correct, as we received it from Mr. Alexander Wilson, of North Madison, who is the forty-fifth child of the subject of this paragraph.—*Madison (Ia.) Banner.*

Western Music.

We learn from a Western paper that a Western chap, who went to New York to purchase goods, &c., was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common in large cities.

He was clearly a western original—but said very little, until he found that the party was not to close without an attempt to corner him. At length, a bevy of laughing girls, by the merest accident in the world, found themselves grouped about said western green one, in a most animated discourse upon music; and city playing. When all this had progressed just far enough, one of the damsels, with head more adorned without than within, and in that peculiar parlor drawl, which fortunately no type can represent, accented the observed of all, with—

"Do the ladies play music at the west sir? Original saw the game, resolved to win—"Oh, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply.

"Indeed! Why, I was not aware of that; pray do they use the piano, mostly?"

"Never, Miss; the only instrument out our way, is the *Suinnette*, and the girls all play it."

"Oh! dear, I am sure I never heard of that before; do tell us what it is, and how they play it."

"Well; the instrument is a small pig; and each girl takes one of its long tail, and *cheers the end of its long tail*, and that brings the music."

The preconcerted "come," made no farther progress; and for the balance of the evening our western "green 'an" was the only lion of the show.

The Hermit of Chicago.

If any trafficker in romance wishes a hero for a fashionable dish of literature, we can supply him. On Lake Chicago there are a number of small and lovely islands, varying from ten to forty acres, lying high above the clear waters, and displaying a level surface, beautifully wooded with maple and lindens. Upon one of these smallest islands a young man has resided alone, so far as human companionship is concerned, for several years. He has a neat cabin, and cultivates a few acres of ground with his own hands, sufficient to supply him with the necessities of life. He is a gentleman of education and fine literary taste, and has quite a library of well selected standard works. He seldom visits the settlements, but is always pleased to have people to visit him, paying marked attention to his guests, and entertaining them in the best style his domicile affords. Why he has chosen this secluded way of life, no one knows. He appears happy and contented, neither a misanthrope; blunted to the social enjoyments of the world by misfortunes and disappointments, nor a bigoted anchorite, nor yet a romantic fool.

One of our city colporteurs in Cincinnati, some ago, when engaged in distributing tracts among the poor benighted ones about town, met with an amusing incident. Coming to an isolated building, humble pretensions, on the common, he opened the door without the ceremony of knocking, saying:

"Will you accept a tract of the Holy Land?" meaning the four pages of letter press he had in his hand. The man of the house instantly replied:

"Yes, be jabers, a whole section if you give a good title. But I'd like to know if there be much prairie or ague there to bother a poor devil!"

The substance of the verdict of a recent coroners jury, on a man who died in a state of intoxication, was—"death by hanging"—round a rum shop.

Horses and Tobacco.

N. P. Willis, Esq., gives the following hint whereby trees may be saved from being gnawed by horses, from which they suffer so much in exposed situations, when used as hitching posts:

Strangers will tie their horses to the trees from which I can least spare the bark they eat off, while their masters are rambling about, and I had just been washing the trunks of two or three evergreens with tobacco juice, (said to be a sixmonths disgorger for the worst kind of crib-biter) when neighbor S—, with his white looks flowing over his shoulders, and his calmly denial face beaming from under his broad brimmed hat, drove down the avenue—a moving picture among the beautiful cedars and hemlocks that made them more beautiful than before. We tied his horse to one of the tobaccoed cedars, which the fine animal, a splendid bay, opened teeth upon, and immediately backed off to the length of his halter, taking an attitude of repugnance in which we found him on our return."

A Philadelphia editor thinks, from the manner shirts are made in that city, there ought to be an "Inspector of common sewers." The editor went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself, when he awoke in the morning, crawling out between two of the shortest stitches.

New Safety Whiffletree for Carriages.

A new method of constructing whiffletrees for carriages, whereby the horses may be disengaged from the carriage by the driver, at any time he may wish to do so, has been invented by Elisha Harvey, of Whately, Mass. The method employed by the inventor, is the following. An additional short whiffletree or bar, is attached in the usual manner to each end of the double whiffletree. The arms of these two bars or levers, are of unequal lengths, from the place where they are attached, the short distance beyond the farther end of the whiffletree, where it forms a hook to which the single whiffletrees are attached; the longer ends of these bars, extend nearly to the centre of the double bar, at which place they form a fulcrum upon a slide bolt or lock, which passes through the whiffletree in front of the ends of the bars, and is retained there by means of a strong helical spring.—When it is desired to liberate the horses from the carriage, the slide bolt is raised by the driver, by means of a cord or other convenient device, and the opposite end of the bar allowed to swing round upon an axis at the end of the double bar, and thus disengage the horse by liberating the single whiffletree from the hook.—Mr. Harvey has taken measures to secure his invention by patent.—*Scientific American.*

An Auctioneer Caught in his own Trap.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a very popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has been prolonged by his numerous sayings. He was recently engaged in a sale of venerable household furniture and "fixins." He had just got to "going, going, and a half and a half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance upon agricultural shoulders wink at him. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind horse, or a keen sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked and the man winked and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of glassware, stove-pipes, carpets, pots and perfumery, and finally the lot was knocked down.

"To a who!" said Smith gazing at the smiling stranger.

"Who, golly?" said the stranger, "I dunno who."

"Who, you, sir," said Smith.

"Me, darned if I did," said the stranger.

"Why, did you not wink and keep winking?"

"Winking! Well I did; so do did you wink at me. I thought you winked as to say 'keep dark; I'll stick somebody for this lot of stuff;' and I winked as to say 'I'll be darned if you don't mister!'"

The Dead Alive.

A little girl about ten years of age, the daughter of one of our most esteemed citizens, was taken sick a few days ago, and on Monday evening, to the poignant grief of her parents, apparently died.—The usual preparations were made, the room darkened, and the body enclosed in a shroud, with the intention of burying it yesterday afternoon. But on yesterday morning the apparently dead girl revived and terribly frightened at the situation in which she found herself, with cries alarmed the household. She is since doing well. [Norfolk News.]

A new political party, to be called the American party, it is said, is about to be formed in New York.

Potatoes are selling for \$18 per bushel, in some parts of California.

The Scolding Wife.

Our pen trembles in our hand as we write 'scolding wife,' for all curses and torments on the face of the earth, this demon is surely the greatest. Her horrible temper has driven her husband long since to the tavern, where, notwithstanding the terrible penalty he will have to pay for the association, he meets, at least, with smiles and jovial companions.

A man could lie down in the swamps of Louisiana, with a mosquito sucking at every pore of his skin, and bear it, with more equanimity, than the everlasting clack of a scolding woman's tongue.

What should be her pleasure—the care of the household—she makes a misery to herself and all around her and particularly to her poor husband, who has to listen—if he expects peace and quietness—when he comes home to a meal, to a recital of all the details of trouble she has with the servants; how Billy dropt a little oil on the landing which she knows will never come out, and how little Eliza, being left to take care of herself, whilst she was looking after the servants, threw her spoons of cotton into the fire, and lost every needle she had in the world.

The husband, anxious to mollify the irritation, says:

"Never mind, my dear, let us have dinner; I will bring you plenty of spoons of cotton when I come home this evening."

"There, that is just like you; I declare, Mr. B., it is of no use of my slaving, and working, and saving, to make both ends meet with your extravagant ways.—Heaven knows, your income is not so large, that you can purchase spoons and needles when mischievous children choose to destroy them—but it's just like you!—What do you care about your poor wife working her fingers' ends off to make you comfortable? Not a bit, as long as your shirt buttons are attended to and your stockings mended—that's all us poor women are worth."

"But, my dear—"

"Don't dear me, sir; I am not to be smoothed down by any of your fine words, for while I am about, I will have my say. Do you see that, Mr. B.? Oh! you do—it's a bit of cegar, it is. Well, I'm sure—and so, in spite of all I have said, you go to smooching in the bed-room this morning, after I went down to see about breakfast. Upon my word, what will you do next? As though I hadn't worry and vexation enough with the servants, with their nasty habits, but you must add to them."

"D—n it, madam, am I to have my dinner?"

"There, that's right; begin to swear; it is so manly, to an unprotected female!"

"Soup madam!"

"That's right; go on, go on."

"No, madam, I will go off."

A very straight goat tail is seen dashing down the street, and, in a few minutes afterwards, an anxious, but quiet looking gentleman, is ordering a mutton-chop at Victor's, and drinking an uncommonly strong glass of brandy and water. Meantime, the devoted wife is amusing herself with the hysterics; but the only bad feature is—she recovers.—N. O. Delta.

Difference Between Religion and Profession.

There is a wide difference between religion and profession, as to their advantages. To bend the knee, morning and evening, before the God of Heaven, in a spirit of formality, will avail but little, either as to the direction, or consolation of life. It will not arm us against calamity; it will not deliver us in danger; it will not console us in affliction; it will not guard us against the wiles of temptation, or the frowns of persecution. Religion will do this; but not the form of godliness. While the countenance of the Christian glows with the brightness of divine communion the mere professor rises from his knees, with and understanding as dark, a heart as wavering, a will as perverse, passions as corrupt, as when he approached the throne of mercy. The first returns from the closet as a child who has held an intercourse with a father, the second, as a blind pagan returning from the temple, where he had been offering a few grains of incense upon the altar of an unknown God.

It is hard work fighting a Quaker. It is poor work scolding a deaf man. It is profitless working beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party.